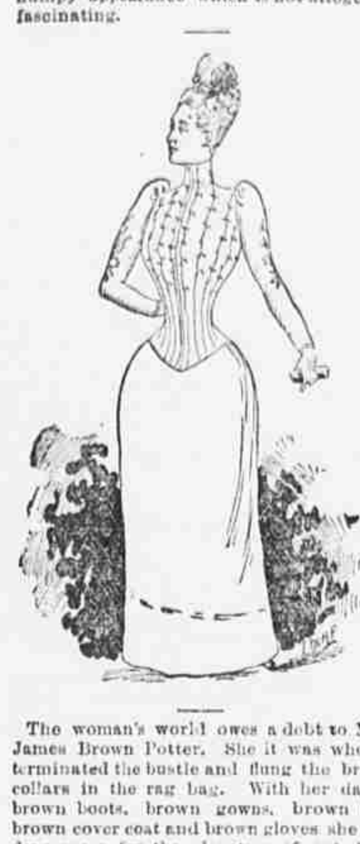
THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fancies and Fashions That Delight the Gentler Sex.

The Reaction from Exaggerated Fashion—Mrs. Potter and the Bustle—The Day of Gold Jewelry Departing—Afternoon Teas in New York—The Lorgnette's Day Departing.

One who makes a close study of the eccentricities of fashion cannot fail to observe that after several seasons, when exaggerated ornamentation is the prevalent feature, there comes a reaction and almost Quaker-like plainness will be inaugurated. This is eminently to be remarked in the neck dressing. Plain flat bands have heretofore been the only thing admissible in the necks of gowns, but now anything is full about the throats, and one of the latest novelties is a deep fall of Empire or Malines lace surmounted by a full ruching of ribbon or silk. It is a question what monarch or court beauty of old is responsible for this monstrosity, but it gives the average female a humpy appearance which is not altogether fascinating.



The woman's world owes a debt to Mrs. James Brown Potter. She it was who exterminated the bustle and flung the bright collars in the rag bag. With her dainty brown boots, brown gowns, brown hat, brown cover coat and brown gloves she has done more for the elevation of art dress than a whole battalion of Jenness Millers and Russells.

During the recent strike in Philadelphia 200 colored girls took the places of the discontented cloakmakers, going in under the form of partial organization.

The Board of Education in Columbus, O., has decided that hereafter there shall be no difference in the salaries paid to men and women who are teachers in the public schools.

The women of India employed in the shawl, lace and cotton factories receive 50 cents a month for their services and are actually proud and glad of their receipts. Coolies are paid $1 a month.

There is an army of 75,000 "lady" typewriters in the United States.

Buffalo has a doll-dressing circle managed by Miss Grace Carew Sheldon. Some forty odd ladies compose the circle. They meet fortnightly and dress dolls for the poor children who are in the asylums, hospitals, industrial and mission schools. Not in the usual way, however. Models are selected and from them whole companies of battel girls, nuns, maids, nurses, musicians, poets and artists are designed. There are literary dolls from Shakespeare's works, from Shelley, Sheridan, Boucicault, Swinburne, Browning, Tennyson and Gilbert & Sullivan. The fashionable ladies of London set the example a couple of years ago, and in a few months New York will be in a ring with 50,000 naked dolls and 250 ladies ready to clothe them.

For the nonce the lorgnette is out of favor. The ultra fashionable carries a monocle framed in a gold rim and mounted on a slender gold rod.

A choky, croupy look is the result of the fluffy boas, ruffs and collarettes now so generally worn. Absolutely no judgment is displayed, and not a thought is given to appropriateness. Short-necked women should have nothing to do with the boa. It is not suitable for them, as it tends to bring shoulders and ears into too close contact. The ruff is a novelty that only a swan-throated woman can wear with good effect.

Of the afternoon teas spread in or about New York that of Mrs. Hicks-Lord is as elegant as any. The tea room in her Washington square mansion is finished in mahogany, and every article of furniture is framed in that wood and polished like a mirror. Covering the walls and hung on panels and screens are small pictures in oil, heads of historical braves and beauties in enamel, porcelain or paint, and photos of most of the reigning sovereigns of the world, with autographs. One table screen is devoted to miniatures, variously jewelled. On a side table is a sort of animal kingdom, with dogs, lions, horses, deer, sheep, cats, moose, chamois, buffaloes, leopards, cows, and a score of other brutes, ranging from one to nine inches in height, made of steel, bell-metal, or silver. All around the room set on the shelf of the panelled wainscot are cut-glass tumblers the size of claret glasses, filled with pink and scarlet carnations, making a perfect belt of color about the room and fireplace.

The tea table is also flower bordered and so are the numerous stands, laden with bric-a-brac. Over the hearthstone swings the tea kettle from a brass crane, and the sparkle of cut crystal on the table, with the gaslight falling over it, is something dazzling. In the service is a paper porcelain tray of tea cups, silver kettle, and egg filled with salt for the almonds, and cracker bowl, almond jar, olive boat, ice tray, lemon dish and sugar basin, all of the finest cut crystal that can be found in or out of the Russian Empire.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, who throughout the period of her labors for the Sanitary Commission of the civil war could outwork and outwear most of her fellows, finds herself at sixty-nine with the energies of forty. During the two hottest weeks of August she traveled 3,500 miles and delivered eleven carefully prepared lectures before Chautauqua "circles," besides attending conferences on temperance, woman suffrage, labor questions and physical culture, at most of which she made informal addresses or served in councils. Mrs. Livermore finds the secret of perpetual youth to lie in hard work and forgetfulness of self.

Nobody wants gold jewelry any more, at least no art lover. The craze is barbaric, and you can wear a copper necklace, an old silver ring or a girdle of cornelians set in sheet iron, brass or smoked steel and outshine a beauty in pearl and diamonds.

A cherished myth is fast fading, and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union has a large share in its dissolution—that is the amazing picture of an all-pervading she who was supposed to infest all woman's conventions. It was told in dark corners to bad children that she always wore goggles and a stuffy blue hat, set off by a baggy green umbrella, and a rasping voice; she wore her hair cut short, but not curled—oh, never! Editors remembered this bugaboo when they grew up and put her picture in the comic papers; no one had ever seen her, but that is a trick of bugaboos. Now we discover at last that she has gone the way of William Tell; the funny man has to find a new joke and the dignity and brilliancy of woman's deliberative gatherings are at least acknowledged. A most notable one will be the annual meeting of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union at Atlanta in November. It will be the first time this body has ever met so far South.

THEIR CLAIMS TO FAME.

Alan Dale in the Lord High Manipulator's Court.

An Interesting Session, in Which Sara Bernhardt, the Kendals, Lillian Russell, Minnie Palmer, Marion Manola and Pauline Hall All Presented Their Little Claims.

The court was crowded. Men and women jostled each other in a wild effort to secure breathing room. Policemen simply gave themselves up to a desperate situation, and made the best of matters. Artists were there with pencils; journalists brought their ears and their imaginations; while theatrical managers from every civilized country on the globe formed a circle around the judgment table.

Seated on a lofty throne, garbed in ermine, his pale face rendered intellectual by a long, curled wig, sat the Lord High Manipulator and Director of Stage Advertisements, appointed by that trinity of wisdom, the President of the United States, the President of France, and Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. Only once in fifty years was this high office ever filled, though it originated in the time of Shakespeare and of Beaumont and Fletcher. "From Shakespeare to Hoyt" and "From Beaumont and Fletcher to A. C. Gunter," were mottoes that, wreathed in ivy, were placed above his lordship's head. And his lordship looked very owl-like and penetrating, as though he were saying to New York, "You are the proud city that has me. Paris wept, when it was said that my court could not be held there. London raged when it learned that to America I was consigned."

The Chief Factotum rapped for silence, and instantly there was that lull which is generally used to permit the falling of pins to be heard. Expectation ran mountains high. The stillness became painful. Then out the silence rang the voice of the Lord High Manipulator:

"Sarah Bernhardt to the table!"

The great French tragedienne, clad in furs, came forward, her emaciation clanking on the stone floor. She stood, pensively, before His Lordship, her theatrical eyes riveted on his non-committal face.

"And what have you done?" he asked. "Answer quickly, for I have no time to waste."

Sarah drew a paper from her pocket and read "I have been up in a balloon; I have slept in my coffin; I have been in the last stage of consumption; I have married Damala; I have been divorced from him; I— *Mais c'est assez, n'est-ce pas. Qu'est-ce qu'il y a encore? Voyons.*"

A look of pleasure illumined his lordship's face. "You have done nobly," he said; "you have originated schemes; you have constantly struggled for the novel and unique. I admire you; you are always before the public. You can go. Next!"

There was a pause of a few moments, and then, with large, wholesome steps, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal appeared. Mrs. Kendal was eating a large, healthy slice of bread-and-butter. Mr. Kendal was sipping milk from a bottle.

"Oh! your lordship," began Madge. "I am sorry if I am late. Will and I have been writing to little Willie and Freya and Harry and Maudie and Rosie. The dear little things. Three thousand miles away! Oh! your lordship, it is sad for a mother and father to be thus bereaved. Pity us—pity us! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"Excellent!" exclaimed his lordship. "It couldn't be better. I am very pleased with you, indeed, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. Go and prosper. Achilles" (to the chief factotum), "Give Mr. and Mrs. Kendal my blessing. Next."

There was silence, which was only broken by the measured tread of Mrs. Langtry. There was a look of ineffable satisfaction upon her face.

"What have I done?" she began. "Ha! ha! ha! What haven't I done? I began by slipping ice down the Prince of Wales' neck, and went on by easy stages to reported marriages and divorces. I built an illegal fence around my house; I dismissed a leading man for kissing my slipper—— But, your lordship, if you were busy, you had better be satisfied with what I have told you. I will continue for a week."

"Yes, it is enough," said his lordship. "You have done nicely, but I must caution you against any further marriages. They are becoming very—very—what is that low word, Achilles, for which I am searching?"

"Chestnutty, your lordship," was the reply.

His lordship looked up a moment later. Beside him was a delightfully pretty face, haloed by golden hair of a very golden nature. The Chief Factotum winked at the lady, and his lordship was about to administer a sharp reproach, when she spoke.

"I am Lillian Russell," she said. "I have not done very much lately, but I used to do a great deal. My greatest success was in breaking contracts and skipping to Europe. I may mention a sensational marriage, and some very wonderful lamb's-wool tights that I wore."

His lordship smiled approvingly. "That will do," he said. "Desist from further advertisement for a little. You don't need it. Next!"

"I can hold my own with anybody, your dear old lordship," lisped little Minnie Palmer. "But I don't want to claim all the credit. I have a very, very, very clever husband, Johnny Rogers. That man could persuade you that a deaf-mute sang like Patti. I have visited all the country houses in England, been mobbed by students in Scotland, travelled all over the world, and here," with a sweet little courtesy, "I am."

"Very satisfactory. If you should ever be widowed, don't forget what your husband has taught you. Next."

A dainty little woman came forward. She was heavily veiled, and an air of almost convent-like seclusion surrounded her. Two big eyes gleamed through her veil and rested sadly upon his lordship and the Chief Factotum.

"I am Marion Manola," she said, sepulchrally. "Mine is a case that will bring tears to your eyes. Excuse me for a moment while I sob." (She buried her face in her hands and her chest heaved very effectively.) "I have a dear little girl nine years old, who has never seen her mommer in tights. My wicked managers tried to photograph me, and bring—bring—bring m—m—me, thus attired, before my child! Oh, woe! oh, woe!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed his lordship, rubbing his hands gleefully. "One of the best I have heard. "You are a genius, Marion. Go and be happy. Achilles, another blessing, please, for Miss Manola. Next."

Slowly, but with ponderous grace, a gorgeously attired woman stepped forward. Diamonds glistened in her ears, at her throat, on her fingers, and as she advanced, she daintily lifted her skirt and revealed a diamond garter.

"I am Pauline Hall," she said, "of course you have read how I have just been robbed of my diamonds"—

It was as though a cyclone had struck the room, as though the thick air of the court by some unknown chemical process had congested itself into dynamite and exploded. His lordship arose, fire blazing from his eyes, his nostrils dilated, a white foam oozing from his lips.

"Wretched woman!" he cried, "you come before me with this pitiful story of insanity. You have lost your diamonds! You can find nothing better to do, although you are said to be in possession of your faculties! This is sarcasm levelled rudely at the Court. How dare you intrude yourself upon me with this vile, this hideous—what is that low word, Achilles?"

"Chestnut," said Achilles.

"Yes, chestnut. In the records of the last Court, held fifty years ago, seventy-five actresses had lost their diamonds. They were scathingly rebuked by my predecessor. Half a century has rolled by, and you are before me with the same sickening story. Miserable creature! Consummate Pauline! Since the year 1861, actresses have lost $5,403,298 worth of diamonds, according to the best estimate. Nobody has found them. It is absurd, it is idiotic, it is unheard of. Fan me, Achilles, calm me. Hold me back, or I shall forget my manhood, and tear those lost gems from that woman's ears."

A cold perspiration spread itself over Miss Hall's face. She clung to what remained of the table that his lordship had broken with one blow aimed by his fist.

"I cannot let you go unpunished," he remarked at last; "you shall play to empty seats for the rest of the season. You shall sing nothing but 'Erminie' henceforth. You shall pawn your diamonds to bring your company home. You"—

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I awoke. I had fallen asleep over a story headed "Pauline Hall Robbed of Her Diamonds."

ALAN DALE.

SPOTLETS.

The person who likes to be composed to sleep by music does not regard Wagner as a great composer.

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Even the hens in China are not so patriotic as to lay china eggs.

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Despite the brakes in his career Westinghouse was never broken.

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There's one thing that's needed, it seems very clear,
At the shore to improve the girl's lot,
And that's a machine where a man will appear
When a coin is let drop in the slot.
—*Exchange.*

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"He wasn't trained; he has a knack for scenting," said Smithers about his dog. "I see," said Goodwood, pensively; "your dog has a knack-scent."

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The McKinley bill has put no tax on the coats of the stomach. Let us get what consolation we can from the thought.

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President Harrison doesn't like hail, unless it is "Hail to the Chief."

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"Green-goods" men hue their way to fortune.

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"Mike, I'd lothe to git wan ov thim turtle-back cats," said Mrs. Mulvaney to her husband the other morning.

AN INTERNAL DISAGREEMENT.

The Stranded Blowfish and the Surprised Cat.

A TALE OF MUTUAL DILATION.

[*From Judge.*]

A Bright Detective.

[*From Puck.*]

Inspector of Police—Why didn't you report at 11 o'clock, as I told you? It's after 12 now.

Detective—Confound it, sir, one of those pickpockets I was shadowing has stolen my watch.

Very Accomplished.

[*From Puck.*]

Miss de Muir—How charming you look to-day!

Miss de Meanor (slightly dyspeptic)—I regret that I cannot say as much for you.

Miss de Muir (sweetly)—You could, dear, if you were as accomplished a liar as I am.

Still a Margin of Profit.

[*From Life.*]

Clerk—I collected only one of the bills. The other three men skipped the town.

Plumber—That's nothing, so long as one of them paid. Come and I'll open a small bottle.

No Use for Any of Them.

[*From Puck.*]

"It's funny, isn't it?" he said to his companion, as they were riding uptown on the elevated railroad.

"What's funny?"

"That there are two thousand seven hundred and fifty languages in the world, and not one of them is good enough for that brakeman."

Shades of Sandford and Merton!

[*From Munsey's Weekly.*]

Grandmamma (seeing Tommy for the first time)—Come here, dear. You shall be my pet. You look like an old-fashioned little boy—just like the children I used to see in my day. You are good, I hope. Does mamma ever punish you?

Tommy (aged seven)—Yes'm, ma's a slugger, yer bet yer life!

LOVE AND LUCRE.

The Story of Frank De Vere's Crime to Gain the Woman He Loved.

"When you have something more to offer me besides yourself, Frank De Vere, I will accept you; not before."

This was Nellie Blanchard's reply to her companion's passionate avowal of love. She was cold, proud and beautiful; the only child of genteel, but poor parents. It was a matter of surprise to the neighbors that Frank De Vere had ever been allowed the privilege of calling on her at all. The truth was that Miss Blanchard was fond of making conquests. She met De Vere at the house of a friend, discovered that he was above mediocre in appearance and talent, and decided to make him a victim. How well she succeeded after an acquaintance of a few months we already know.

"Do you mean, Nellie Blanchard," said her lover, "that you refuse me because I am poor?"

"I mean what I said!"

Frank De Vere's passion for the woman before him amounted to idolatry. If it had been less, he, with his good sense, would have despised her.

"Nellie," he said, "if gold is all that separates us, it shall not sunder us long. Only promise me this—wait one year for me."

The woman hesitated a minute: she had never had the most remote idea of marrying him, and she did not like to commit herself. Yet she must get rid of him some way. There was little danger of his making a fortune in a year, so she considered herself safe in saying, "Yes, Frank, I will wait for you."

"Then you are mine! I soon shall claim you! Until then, good-by!"

It was in the days when California drew throngs of gold-hunters to its mines. Frank De Vere took passage the week after his last interview with Miss Blanchard, and in due time arrived safely at his journey's end. The weeks passed on. It was easier for De Vere to dream of wealth than to accumulate it. He had only been able on his arrival to obtain a situation as under-clerk in a banking-house. As his merit became known, he had risen rapidly in favor with his employers, and was now occupying the position of cashier, with a large salary. Under ordinary circumstances he would have been contented; as the seeker of a fortune in a short space of time, he was not.

The allotted time of his stay was nearly at an end. With all his economy, he had not laid up $1,000. He knew that Nellie Blanchard could not be bought for less than $50,000. Something must be done. What that something was he had not yet concluded when he retired to bed one eventful night in his life's history. The morning after that night the porter of the house came running from the room where De Vere slept with one of the clerks, which opened into the one in which the safe was kept. The man's face was white with fear, and his eyes nearly starting from their sockets. Out into the crowded street he went screaming, "Murther!" murther! A bloody murther!"

"Where?" said a policeman standing near.

"In there," pointing towards the young men's room.

It was a horrible, sickening sight. The clerk, Charlie Sowie, lay on the floor with his face upturned, and stamped with intense suffering. Several ugly gashes were about his face and breast, from which the blood slowly trickled, helping to swell the crimson pool in which he lay. From his white lips at intervals there came a groan, which told the lookers-on he was not dead. On the bed lay Frank De Vere, gagged, firmly bound, having a deep flesh wound in his arm from which the blood had flowed so freely that the bed-linen was completely saturated.

He was speedily released, and asked by a dozen at once, "Who did it?"

"Between two and three this morning," he said, "I was awakened by Charlie, who whispered, 'Some one is at the safe.' I listened a moment, and distinctly heard a noise in the inner room. 'You are right, Sowie,' I said; and instantly felt for my revolver. It was not there. Alarmed, I asked Charlie in an undertone, 'Did you remove my pistol?' 'No; is it gone?' The next instant he added, 'Good heavens! mine is gone, too.' Together we arose, and crept softly to yonder door. There, with the safe open, by the dim light of a lantern, were two men masked, so that I cannot describe them. I would have stolen out of the house and sought help but Charlie, who always was brave to a fault, would not listen to that. 'Don't you see our pistols lying there on the floor behind them?' he whispered; 'we will secure them yet.' And before I could offer the first objection, he was half-way across the room, stealing on tiptoe towards them. A slight noise caused one of the villians to look round. Just as Charlie reached for his revolver, they discovered him, and sprang upon him, and dragged him back into this room. I think they would have spared him, had they not that instant caught sight of me. One ran a bowie-knife through him. The other sprang at me. Charlie fell back, saying, 'Oh, Frank! they have killed me.' The demon who had assassinated him did not seem to be content with his work, but inflicted the other wounds you see, hoping to make a sure job of it. I was unarmed, and could not effect much with my antagonist. I got this cut on my arm, and the other man coming to his friend's help, I decided to offer no more resistance. So they gagged and bound me, and after taking what they wanted, left us. Charlie, poor [illegible] laid there moaning ever since, [illegible] and I was powerless to help [illegible]."

[illegible] looked with anxious concern [illegible] companion.

"[illegible] think he will ever get over it?" he [illegible].

A physician in the room stooped and examined him.

"Well?" said De Vere.

"He will die," was the answer.

"Would that he could be spared," said Frank, as he bent over his friend with streaming eyes.

The dying man roused a little at the words, and turning his eyes on De Vere's face, gave him a look fraught with such a sense of injury that one would have thought he imagined Frank his murderer. He closed them in a moment, and opened them no more. The wounded man was taken to a hospital, where he died that day.

It was found that the robbers had taken cash to the amount of $[illegible] dollars. The police, after the most vigilant exertions to secure the murderers, were unable to discover them.

Frank De Vere would remain no longer in the place; he gave up his situation and went to try his luck in the mines. Fate favored him. Gold came readily to his hand. In a short time he had accumulated more than he in his wildest dreams had ever hoped for. Satisfied with the fortune he had made, he started for his native town. As soon after his arrival as possible he called upon the woman who had promised to wait for him. He found her in the parlor. Walking straight towards her, he held out his arms.

"Nellie, I have come to claim you."

Surprised though she was to see him, she could not be surprised into committing herself before she understood how affairs stood with him. So, before a word of welcome came from her lips, she asked: "Have you anything to offer besides Mr. De Vere?"

"Two hundred thousand dollars, Nellie."

She brightened instantly. To the haughty but needy belle the sum seemed enormous. She allowed the outstretched arms to embrace her, and the lips of the newcomer to kiss her.

"You will become Nellie De Vere?" he whispered.

"Yes, Frank."

After an evening spent in rehearsing the past and arranging for the future, they separated. When he had gone she hid her face in the sofa and wept bitterly.

"Albert," she murmured—"dear, dear Albert, the only one I ever loved, it is hard to give you up."

So she decided to marry Frank De Vere. Before the year was out she became his wife. Time passed away. Fate had been kind to Mr. and Mrs. De Vere, to all outward appearances. He had accumulated an immense fortune and had risen high in favor with his townsmen. Old Father Time had dealt leniently with his lady. Mrs. De Vere, twenty years a wife, was quite as beautiful, and much more voluptuous in figure than Nellie Blanchard had been. It had not taken Frank De Vere long to learn that his wife did not care for him. He loved her so, that for many years he had tried to make himself dear to her. The more he exerted himself to please her, the more disgusted she became with him. The poor man had looked forward to the dawn of a brighter day, when the rosy leaves of hope were turned to bitter ashes by the humiliating discovery that the secret of his wife's aversion was, that from the time she engaged herself to him her heart had belonged to another. She taunted him with the fact one day in a fit of anger.

After this, they met only in the presence of their guests, or in company.

This was years ago, when Lulu (an affectionate diminutive for Louisa), their only daughter, was a wee child. She was seventeen now; and on the day of which I write, was looking forward with pleasing anticipation to the evening. For that evening she was "coming out." When the company assembled, Lulu moved among them like a sprite of light. Her sweet, innocent face was, perhaps, less perfect than her mother's. But if perfection wore another charm, it was one which had no beauty for the score of lovers following in her train. The father stood at one side and gazed upon her, comparing her to a beautiful picture, and as far above the crowd around her as were the stars.

He was interrupted in his thoughts by a voice at his elbow exclaiming "Who is that in the white satin dress, with diamonds in her hair?"

"Miss De Vere."

"She is a beauty, by Jove! And they say that her father is well off. I believe I shall marry her."

"Hush!" said the speaker's friend, in an undertone; "De Vere is not three feet from you."

"Ha, ha! What do I care? The old chap and I are friends. He will no doubt thank me for taking his daughter off his hands," he replied.

The host confronted the man angrily; but instead of uttering the intended reprimand he fell forward senseless to the floor. He was carried to his room, a physician called, who soon pronounced him out of danger. A message was sent to the man who had so singularly affected De Vere that he wanted to see him. The stranger obeyed the summons. Frank De Vere motioned to those attending him to leave the room, and beckoned the newcomer to his bedside. The man went in obedience to the gesture, and looked fearlessly down in the invalid's face.

"You have found me at last, Albert Carlton," moaned De Vere. "Now that you are here, what do you want?"

"Want? Dare you ask me? Coward, thief, murderer that you are! I have half a mind to kill you this moment in your bed."

And he glared fiercely on De Vere, while he held over him an open knife.

"Mercy! mercy!" gasped the poor man.

"It is easier for you to cry for mercy than it was to grant it," said Carlton.

"For God's sake, don't speak so loud," said De Vere, his face livid with fear. "I will make you any reparation you ask; only, for my child's sake, spare the honor of my house."

"It is beyond your power to bestow what you took from me," said Albert Carlton, bitterly. "I was sent by a woman who loved me, and whose passion I more than returned, to seek a fortune ere we were married. I had been a long time from her side, and meeting with no success, I determined to make a bold stroke, rob the bank and return with my booty home. You know how affairs turned out. It will serve you right to repeat them. I made my entrance into your room, and took your pistol before you discovered me. Sowie had not come in yet. I had no desire to shed blood and was glad to spare your life on the condition you spoke of—going halves. In the midst of our work Charlie Sowie interrupted us; he was at our mercy, yet we promised to spare him and take him in as partner. You remember how indignantly he refused, and with his pistol at my head, called aloud, 'Help, help!' Alarmed, you stabbed him with my bowie knife. He fell back, gasping, imploring you, his old friend, to spare him. You had gone too far, and kept on with your bloody work until you had finished him. Ugh! it was an ugly job! I am glad my hands are washed from it. Then you planned that I should gag and tie you to your bed; you even wounded yourself that the detectives might the more readily believe the tale you should tell. Afterwards, you told me how well your plan had worked; how poor Sowie had lived through the night, and nearly terrified you to death for fear he would revive sufficiently to expose your crime; he died at last. You met me, received your share, went to the mines, pretended to make a fortune; and then when I had entrusted my share to your safe keeping, you made off with it. I was in despair, for with the loss of my money I lost also the woman I loved, inasmuch as before I could make another venture, I learned that she was married. To whom I never heard, and whether now living I do not know."

"What can I do for you?" murmured De Vere.

"I want half you are worth."

"You shall have it."

"I will also take your daughter in marriage."

"Good heavens, Carlton, don't ask that of me!"

"Then you shall be exposed."

The man turned to go.

"Come back, Carlton; I'll do all I can for you. Dine with us to-morrow. Leave me now, for I suffer deeply."

The next day Carlton was punctual. He was made acquainted with Lulu at the dinner table. In a few minutes her mother came in at a side door and took her place at the table. The husband proceeded to introduce them.

"Mrs. De Vere, allow me to present you to my old acquaintance, Mr. Albert Carlton."

She looked up quickly as the name was spoken, blushed and paled alternately when she had looked Mr. Carlton in the face. Then, rising suddenly, she left the room.

That night De Vere came to the conclusion that it was a thing impossible to broach the subject to Lulu.

"Dead men tell no tales," he muttered, as he went to his desk and took from it a knife. Stealthily leaving his room, he stole towards his guest's chamber, which was at the end of the long passage. He was half way there when he detected the sound of muffled footsteps approaching him.

"The villain is coming to murder me," he thought; "he shall not escape me."

In a minute, he felt his enemy's breath upon his cheek, and knew it was his time to strike. He grasped the figure, and made a thrust in the darkness with his knife. The victim made no resistance; only gave utterance to one unearthly shriek.

De Vere recognized the voice. It was his wife.

Terror-stricken, he stood bending over the inanimate form, when the door of his guest's room opened, and Albert Carlton came out with a light. De Vere stepped hastily aside in a niche devoted to statuary. When Carlton saw the woman he loved lying there weltering in blood, he forgot to look for her murderer, but knelt beside her, kissing the cold lips, and whispering words of love to her. The sight maddened the husband.

"Devil! Destroyer of my happiness! Take that, and that, and that!" he shrieked, as he stabbed the man he so bitterly hated.

De Vere hurried to his room and locked himself in. He soon heard footsteps hurrying to and fro, and exclamations of horror. By a private passage he descended into the street, hailed a passing vehicle, and rode away. He was sought after for months, but never found.

Years afterwards, in a distant land, he learned that both Carlton and Mrs. De Vere recovered, and that they were living together.

"Thank heaven," he said, "that my hands are washed from their blood; if Charlie Sowie were only living, I might yet be a happy man."

A few months after this he wrote to Lulu, begging her to come to him. She went, and with her went her husband, a fine-looking man, many years her senior. When the father looked upon him, his face assumed an ashy hue, and he gasped out, "Charlie Sowie, how came you here?"

"The hospital report was false; I did not die. I thought I could gain nothing by contradicting your story, so I let it pass. I subsequently became acquainted with your daughter; she loved me, as I did her. We were married. For her dear sake, I freely forgive you the injury you did me."

"If you will accept a blessing from as bloody a hand as mine has been," said De Vere, "take mine now."

He called Lulu, gave her hand to Charlie Sowie, pronounced a father's blessing, then fell back in his chair. Lulu, with a little shriek, went to him. He was dead.